

IRRIGATOR POWELL DISCOVERED ART OF RECLAIM

**Arizona Pioneer Knows Better
Dam Site Than Roosevelt
Talks Interestingly on
Many Subjects.**

Special to The Evening Herald.

Douglas, Ariz., April 10.—Perhaps you have seen the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, the Roosevelt dam, the ruins of the Cliff Dwellers, the big copper smelters at Douglas, the old mission of San Xavier at Tucson, the snake dance of the Hopis, and maybe you have seen a glimpse of battle along the border or visited a camp of the revolutionaries on the Mexican side of the international line, but you have not seen all the sights of Arizona if you have not watched old "Irrigator" Powell wade forth from his humble home on the Blue river, north of Cottonwood, nor have you heard the strangest tales of the southwest if you have not heard him tell you big stories in a big way.

For with "Irrigator" Powell everything is big. His eyes are like the eyes of a fi— they multiply all details and all scenes, all activities and all hopes at a thousand angles, and every angle is the copyright of a mind that is at once genial and unique, pleasant and startling.

"Irrigator" was one of the pioneers of the imperial valley in California. He was there before the water flowed into the first irrigation ditch, and in his own humble way he will tell you that he knew the valley would make good long before anybody else ever dreamt of it as one of the paradises of the land.

"Then I drifted into Arizona," he says, going on to tell you that while Grover Cleveland, Theodore Roosevelt and Gifford Pinchot have been set down on the pages of history as the real genuine article in irrigation orators and national conservation, one "Irrigator" Powell follows the wealth in dry-creased desert land long before any of these chiefs of fame had attained enough political influence to give them a stick of copy, worth of notoriety, in the official organs of their respective county seats.

"But you can't build a Roosevelt dam with a cry in the desert," says "Irrigator," reasonably, albeit sadly. "And I didn't have the wampum. I just figured it all out for my own satisfaction concluded that my prophecies would work out according to my diagrams, and let the big fish build the ponds for the whiting to swim in. And while things was shaping up I drifted over to the blue river."

Then "Irrigator" goes back into the shadow of his house, which has three walls only, a violent wind storm having carried away the fourth, and comes out ready to trump you out about a mile so that he can show you an opportunity for a bigger dam than that which Roosevelt opened with a magic key.

"Some gun, that, Irrigator," you hazard as he comes forth. Once upon a time the United States soldiers carried its like. But you have noticed the strangely fashioned stock.

"Yes, we notice that stock, I suppose," he says. "I made this out of the butt of a crooked young tree. How'd I lose the original? Well, it's not much of a story. But you see when I came up here, there was a

varmit of a mountain lion that used to visit without leavin' any callin' cards except a few drops of blood now and then where he'd make a killin' of some colt or calf. I knew he was an undesirable citizen, and his only legal tribute to my presence. To make a long story short I went after him—with this old gun. I put an ounce of lead in his shoulder and an other, in his rump—sort of shot him up fore and aft, but his propellers still worked, and he got to me. That is, as far as the butt of my gun, which met him at the gate. He just reached out with his unshot paw and yankin' that gun into his teeth, hit off the stock. Teeth!—well, the best outside an Elk's convention. Why he hit that gun in half as playfully as a ten-year-old boy bites into the ring of a doughnut. Then he sat the scaldin' in my face!"

"You catch your breath, mumble something about the lion bawling back the broken gun, and "Irrigator" rasbles on, strident and true as a Vandala biter passing the white mile posts one a minute across the Indian plains. "Course he bawled back the gun, and I kicked him to death because he offered it muzzle end first. I was brought up in a country where we passed around good cigars."

"But about this big dam site?" you venture between gasps.

"Oh yes, it's right up on that hill. It's the greatest irrigation product that hasn't been adopted by Uncle Sam. All you have to do is to cut in to the mountain, strike the right fountain of hidden water, and set away before the flood. I've heard it roarin' in there with my own ears. I think it's the other end of Niagara Falls comin' back up hill again. If the government could just tap the sun in that mountain, it would have enough juice to run everything from the Glen Davis sugar factory to the Mexican revolution, and still have enough push behind to save statehood for Arizona through the senate without so much as a whisper from Ralph Carr, Mark Smith or Charlie Alvarado."

"Are you sure it wasn't the hunting of bees in a cave you heard on the mountain?"

"Bees? Well, there are some mighty pert critters of that stripe in these parts. Once I hunted a tree three miles off the sun to the south when she's about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. I hewed to capture the colony, but when I got there on the appointed day for the prize pluckin' the colony had tired of the old home and had swarmed on a juniper tree about twenty rods off. I cut the juniper tree off close to the ground and started to carry the swarm up here to the house. After I knew what was happenin', I found my feet off the ground, and I was flyin' over the landscape like a hominidin' aero plane. Luckily the bees seemed to want to steer in the right direction, and started with me hangin' onto the left of the tree straight for my home here. I'd have gone right on over to Lord knows where, but I struck the edge of the rock and jolted off a lot of the best bees. This reduced the lifting capacity of my queer airtight, and with me it settled down to the ground. I tied my coat tail around the caliperized, one of the slaves around the tree, slipped out of the coat, and in an hour had a fine colony of wild bees drodin' at my doorway. That was home from the colony we had for dinner."

"You hunt a lot?" you ask "Irrigator."

"Yes, the old gun is all right for that. But it's not worth much for squirrels. You see, the squirrels have very big eyes. I shoot the eyes with my rifle, and there isn't any squirrel left."

"Then you touch on "Irrigator's" sentiment. A man that lives with nature can't help having some insight into the primitive instinct that turned Adam away from the leopard and

Satan to evening herald.

Roswell, N. M., April 10.—Stanley and Brink are down 1250 feet with their artesian well on the hill east of Dexter and will continue to a depth of 1500 feet. Oil indications are so strong that they have strong hopes of finding oil a little deeper. They are using 14 and seven casings.

Friends of Rev. and Mrs. W. C. Alexander have received notice of the death of Mrs. Alexander at Atlantic City, N. J., last Friday night. Dr. Alexander was pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Roswell for two years and they left Roswell for Atlantic City on account of Mrs. Alexander's health only about two weeks ago. Their only son, Captain W. C. Alexander, Jr., an instructor in the New Mexico Military Institute, arrived in Atlantic City only a few hours before she passed away.

The steel portion of the last chance irrigation ditch had not the old lumber frame across the North Berrendo river taken out and a reinforced concrete inverted siphon built in its place. It is 120 feet long, with a diameter of two feet, the siphon property being 80 feet long. The dip is 12 feet.

J. C. Troutman, a Harvard man, who has been in Roswell over a year, has taken a position as instructor in the Military Institute, succeeding W. H. Sparks.

Rev. W. C. Alexander, former pastor, and J. M. Reid, an elder of the First Presbyterian church of Roswell, were elected at the meeting of the Presbytery of the Pecos valley of Arkansas as commissioners to the meeting of the general assembly of the church at Atlanta City, N. J., May 18, 1911.

Alexander McPherson finished a short time since setting out 200 acres of orchard on the Berrendo irrigated farms tract adjoining Roswell on the north. Under his skilful direction the crew of men set out 120 trees an hour, ten hours a day for 14 days—two trees minute. As the trees were set they were irrigated by an outer crew that worked in day and night shifts.

Forty cars, 400,000 gallons of grade oil for smudging fruit trees, have been shipped into the Pecos valley more than half of it being taken by orchardists at Roswell. South Spring took a great deal of it and the re-

mainder went down the valley.

Hugh Gage of Artesia has sold his Peñasco ranch and 200 head of cattle to W. H. Barnes and O. L. Williams. The cattle bringin' over \$20 a head.

McCarron and Ferguson of Roswell have bought 250 yearling heifers and steers from Bruce H. Marsh. Prices not given.

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